UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Editorial.

FROM a recent article upon "The Duty of Progressive Men at a time of Theological Reaction," by Professor Francis Brown, D. D., of the Union Theological Seminary, we take these words. The thought is not new, but it is already put, and is always in order in every denominational fold: "A majority has no power, in the field of theology, beyond the intrinsic worth of the opinion it stands for. . . No true belief is crushed by voting it down. No true teacher is really silenced by a gag. The wind is not held in check by shutting the doors. The sun is not extinguished by closing the blinds. All fresh truth has, in its time, had the majority against it. It has always conquered in the end. The Church of Christ is still in the minority on this earth. Preachers have no function more pressing than that of persuading men to shape their lives in resistance to the sweep of the current about them."

THE *Christian Union* in a commendatory notice of Dr. Newton's "Church and Creed," says: "We are not clear whether or not he accepts the miraculous conception, as it has been accepted by the Church; we rather think not. He certainly thinks it not material to the acceptance of historical and supernatural Christianity. . . . In this we agree with him. Two of the Gospels make no reference to the miraculous conception; the apostles do not refer to it; Paul does not indicate that he ever heard of it; the New Testament certainly lays no stress upon it. We accept it, because we think it affords a rational interpretation of the sinlessness of Jesus; because it seems to us reasonable to believe that such a being as Jesus came into the world freed from the hereditary taint and tendency which habitually accompay natural birth." We fail to see the force of the theory in question in freeing Jesus from all possibility of "hereditary taint and tendency," inasmuch as he was at least the son of Mary, whether or not he had human father. But it marks a great gain in rational Christianity when a paper of the influence and circulation of the *Christian Union* speaks thus of a belief hitherto regarded as essential, and still so widely held.

IN a sermon on Unitarianism delivered by Rev. S. M. Crothers at Helena, Mon., the reasons for this particular form of faith are given as that growth in human knowledge which has made the dogmas of evangelical Christianity impossible of belief longer to the intelligent mind; the continued existence, in spite of warring creeds, of the religious instinct in man; the desire to believe in and worship, some supreme source of truth and goodness, and the love of fellowship leading men and women to unite in some form of organized effort in support of their cherished principles. "Unitarianism," says Mr. Crothers, "is essentially an exponent of the modern method in religion." In its relation to Christianity, he adds that Unitarians value it highly for its historic worth and significance, but they believe it "is not a finished product that can be defined by a creed or embalmed by a ritual," holding that here, as elsewhere, "religion is developed according to the same laws which govern every other human interest."

THE event of last week in World's Fair circles was the visit of a distinguished delegation representing the different orthodox sects, with Colonel Elliott F. Shepard at the head, to formally present to the Commission and Board of Directors the petition for the closing of the exhibition on Sunday. The promptness, industry and persistence which those engaging in this movement have shown must establish their sincerity in all minds; and one wonders why something of corresponding interest and zeal is not shown on the other side, by those members of the community representing more liberal faiths, or standing on a purely secular platform in the administration of public affairs. The signs are sufficiently abundant which show the growth of liberal sentiment on matters of this kind. Various reasons conspire, we suspect, to prevent co-operation in this direction—the indolent spirit and indifference with which the liberal element leaves the control of many things to those who are content to assume the work and responsibility, content with their own personal liberty; and the, it must be confessed, mixed and contradictory purposes often ruling this element, and weakening it for practical uses. The average liberal is content to let the opinions he holds, and feels himself so much stronger and happier in the possession of, make easy and slow progress in the general mind, so he is freed from missionary work and responsibility. Orthodoxy is continually repeating an old lesson to liberalism here, which if the latter will not learn it must suffer the penalties of its own cowardice and indifference. We shall be sorry to see the wishes of Colonel Shepard, Dr. Patton and the rest prevail in this question of the use of the World's Fair on Sunday, but if they do meet with success, their timeliness and watchful care of a principle they believe to be sacred and second in importance to no other, will have merited the victory.

The National Unitarian Conference.

The most interesting as well as the most significant gathering of Unitarians on this side of the water occurs when the body named above holds in bi-ennial session at Saratoga. One of these sessions takes place September 21–24, inclusive. The full programme is already out, published in the current number of the *Christian Register*, and we will reprint it entire in our next. Some nineteen different names are already on the programme. The opening sermon is to be given by Rev. Richard A. Armstrong of Liverpool, England, on Monday evening the 21. The succeeding three days are to be given largely to the discussion of denominational questions of polity and missionary activity. Much more time and space is given to these so-called "practical" questions of church extension than in preceding conferences. The programme apparently assumes that the questions of thought, fellowship, and of religious philosophy are, as far as the Unitarians are concerned, already sufficiently settled, and that the thing now to do is to go to work and embody the same in institutions. And this it aims to do by the multiplication of denominational activities, churches, etc. There is but one purely theological subject on the programme, and that is the timely topic of the "Bible in Theology," to be handled by our recently acquired helper in Chicago, the Rev. W. W. Fenn, of the Church of the Messiah. The other non-ecclesiastical paper is to be given by the skillful statistician, Hon. Carroll C. Wright, of Washington, on the subject of "Marriage and Divorce." A report on "liturgy" is to be offered by the Rev. Howard N. Brown, and will be looked forward to with interest by many. Three reports are to come from the National organizations which have been at work during the last two years. These are to be given respectively by the Rev. Brooke Herford, as chairman of the council, of the National Conference; Rev. Grindall Reynolds, secretary of the A. U. A., and Mrs. Emily A. Fifield for the National Woman's Alliance. For the first time, we think, in the history of the entire conference, the Western Unitarian Conference, one of the organizations named in the constitution of the National Conference, has no place given it to report. But all the other organizations representing other centers of work other than Boston are also omitted. This is consonant with the dominant policy which aims for centralization, and regards the A. U. A. as the adequate organic arm of Unitarianism in America, with Boston its natural headquarters.

Mr. Knapp, who can speak with authority on the subject, is to tell of Japan and its needs. Various representatives of the missionary fields will be asked to give "Recommendations." The usual attractive arrangements for the reception and entertainment of delegates at this great caravansary of the United States are being perfected, and of course it will be a most enjoyable as well as an inspiriting occasion. We trust that our friends of the West will avail themselves of this opportunity to participate in this great fellowship festival, although it be at the sacrifice of time and money beyond that which our Eastern brethren know of. We believe that the National Conference is still in its prophetic age. Its problems are not all solved, and the roads upon which it is to travel are not yet fully surveyed. We trust that the voice of progress will be heard, and that the stimulating presence of so many will stir to frank discussions and heroic things. It is not for us to recommend, but it is for us to hope that this meeting of the National Conference will result in a recognition of the fact that in Unitarianism, as in all the other branches of organized Christendom, the spirit of the age is working new problems and calling for higher and later statements, and that "new occasions teach new duties."

We hope there will be a full attendance from all sections, and representing all phases of the Unitarian movement, and that the exercises and deliberations may be characterized by breadth and hospitality. We trust that this organization will continue to be "National," not only in its geographical but in its spiritual and intellectual inclusiveness. One of the most important practical appeals that will come before the body will be a call for the fuller equipment of the Meadville Theological School. This is perhaps the most important claim before the denomination as a whole at the present time. If young men and women are to take up the work of organizing rational religion on the basis of reverence and reason, there must be provided for them the means of adequate preparation. They need a school that is open, earnest and progressive, as the gospel they would fit themselves to preach.

Meadville offers such a possibility. Given the necessary money, we believe the management of that school is prepared to bring it fully into line with modern thought, and try to ally it with the forces of modern civilization. The time is gone by when a school of theology are to be arrayed against the schools of science, or when interests of ecclesiasticism are to be considered distinct from the so-called secular movements and the worse-called "profane" history. We hope our Western churches will take timely steps to secure the attendance of at least their ministers. As will be seen from the notice in our announcement column a favorable rate of one and one-third fare round trip is made from Chicago to Saratoga. The ministers need this opportunity of contact with their companions in arms, the thrill that comes from the sense of a moving column. If the Unitarian minister is ever to feel himself in

goodly company, numerically considered, his only chance is to go to Saratoga ; for when the whole nation is gleaned, and the inducements of cheap rates, mineral water, and the United States Hotel are combined, they do succeed in mustering in sufficient numbers to make us feel quite popular. UNITY will look forward with interest to the developments, and will be glad to report the further preparation and the final outcome of this important and interesting meeting, which is to be presided over by George William Curtiss, whose accomplishments in this direction are matters of international repute. No more worthy man could be found to occupy the chair vacated by the lamented Judge Miller of the Supreme Court of the United States, who for several sessions past gave dignity to the deliberations of this body.

Seven Days in the Saddle.

Mainly for selfish profit and pleasure, but not entirely without the more magnanimous motive of saving to the editor of UNITY a little vacation free from the care of Summer Institutes and Tower Hill real-estate, the present writer beguiled him into a horseback ride over the Wisconsin hills. The editor has so far forgotten his usual gospel of hard work as to confess the wisdom of the scheme and to pronounce the ride the most profitable part of the summer ;—and now orders me to tell its story briefly, in the hope that some wearied one may thereby be moved to go and do likewise another summer.

But the best part of a horseback ride, as of history, can not be written. Where we went and something of what was seen and heard might be set down ; but the pleasure of the swift gallop over green country roads, of wandering amid ferns and birches, through forest paths and pathlessness, of crossing swamps and fording streams, of climbing hilltops to see the vast landscape of a hundred hues in its sunset glory,—all this can no more be printed than the perfume of a clover field. The close relation to the horse also adds greatly to the zest, makes carriage-riding seem tame in the comparison, and railroads but as the device of degenerate days, so that in meeting a train one day, we both agreed in pitying the poor people who had to ride in palace-cars.

The horses, indeed, deserve the first place in our report. The editor's "Jess" fully sustained the praise already bestowed upon her in the columns of UNITY, whether carrying him like a war-horse or following him everywhere as closely and as lovingly as his parish ; and will doubtless continue to hold a more prominent place in his preaching than does even the "pale horse" of the book of Revelation. But hardly less praiseworthy was her companion in this journey, a mere nameless bronco (let him not be spelled and spoiled with an *h*), quite deficient indeed in outward beauty, slim of body and rather scant of breath, but full of speed and spiritual gifts, so as to keep his pace and patience over the hills of four counties and through a ride of nearly two hundred miles. Doubtless too, the editor will generously grant this praise of a rival to his parish pony; since it so happily illustrates his favorite religious principle that fellowship should be conditioned by no outward tests, ancestral or other ; but the same virtues may be found under all names, Christian and heathen, Brahman and bronco, Moslem and mustang.

Starting from the slopes of Tower Hill, in a morning air scented with the pines overhanging the Wisconsin river, we crossed successive ridges and valleys until we reached Otter Creek (possibly so called from the absence of otters, as its "Pine Knob" seemed to be because a pine would have added to the ornaments of that interesting elevation). Here occurred a tragedy which adds no glory to the travellers, but ought perhaps to be chronicled as a warning to their successors in such enterprises. A few luxuries, and among them a small stock of well-starched linen for the social exigencies that might arise upon the journey, had been provided and carefully fastened upon the back of the more cultivated horse. But the latter, with the perversity which has often been ascribed to her sex, was no sooner allowed to drink from the creek, than she plunged into its depths and even lay down therein for a leisurely bath, whence she emerged with the dripping saddle-bags admonishing all such tourists to leave their linen and luxuries at home. But no such disasters could dampen the enjoyment of the day, with its hospitable dinner at a farm-house, its delicious draughts from hillside springs, its afternoon bath in the cool creek, and its long ride in the sunset hours, up the beautiful valley, which gradually narrowed to nothing and emerged on the crop-covered highlands of southern Wisconsin, where at the village of Highland we stopped for the night.

But the wealth of this region was not confined to crops, and in the morning we went out to visit the mines of lead and zinc that lay beneath them. The editor, ever hungering for knowledge, was eager to go down one of the dark and dirty holes, until he saw the uninviting ladder and was reminded of the sage counsel of the elder Sheridan : "What did you go down a mine for," said that worthy to his son. "So that I could say I had been down," answered the son. "But could n't you say that without going down a mine," replied the considerate father ; and we wisely concluded to take our subterranean experience above ground this time. Not the less however could we learn of the wealth below, and we were soon using mineralogical terms as familiarly as if they had been theological. Here about us lay abundant blocks of bright crystals of galena, which we also saw crushed and washed, and thereby separated by their weight from more worthless ores, and which a day or two later at Dodgeville we saw smelted into shining ingots of lead. Here too lay heaps of sphalerite or zinc-blende, called by the Cornish miners "black-jack," whence metallic zinc is made. Here lay still larger piles of rusty and worthless looking ore, called "dry bone," which the next day at Mineral Point we saw sublimated into vast quantities of pure zinc-white to be used as a basis of paints of all colors ; symbolic of the wealth and beauty that wait in what seem the most worthless things of earth to embellish life as fast as we learn how to use them. Indeed the way in which these zinc ores were long passed by and despised as pests of the lead mines, until a later generation learned to go back and turn these rubbish heaps into wealth, has much moral significance ; and through those days the editor was evidently gathering from mines and manufactures and roadsides and rustics, as many thoughts for sermons as at the Institute the week before.

The fourth morning brought us to Blue Mound, the highest point in southern Wisconsin, and brought to mind the night which both of us with Mr. Gannett had spent shivering round a camp-fire there some years before, and how when our gathered fuel gave out, we had to feel through the midnight forest for more. That morning the sun had been four hours late in rising, Mr. Gannett said ; but now he was on time, and a glorious picture he showed us. Away to the east rose the great dome of the capitol at Madison, shrunk to a hardly visible point upon the horizon. Still further to the west and well toward the Mississippi, could be plainly seen the Platte Mound and its smaller sister, near which we had been two days before. To the north the curving valley of the Wisconsin could be traced from the visible town of Prairie du Sac for more than thirty miles, while a precipitous cliff on the horizon was fancied to be that overhanging Devil's Lake, where the Unitarian Conference used to meet. The world does not give Wisconsin credit for a mountain view, but from the summit of Blue Mound is seen a landscape of nearly sixty miles in diameter and some 2,500 square miles. It might be made one of the most interesting and healthiest summer resorts in the State, and no place in the northwest can furnish purer and more delicious air in a hot day. It is probably destined to become such a resort, and a fair wagon road is already made to its summit. But in our search for novelty, we scorned such a road, and sought a shorter way down the northern slope. Our road here soon narrowed to a cow-path, then shrank to a squirrel track which soon ran up a tree, and left us in the virgin wilderness with no compass but the beclouded sun. After an hour's wandering, however, we found a little valley that had felt the axe ; and we followed it downward through broadening fields in a beautiful ride, until we reached the river and Tower Hill again. Here we spent the Sunday, and Mr. Jones held an impressive memorial service for his lamented young nephew and namesake who died a few weeks before.

Monday morning we crossed the Wisconsin and the broad plains about Spring Green, followed a valley through the northern bluffs, and rode three days among the hills of Sauk and Richland counties. This ride was equally delightful (save the dreadful depths of dust about Richland Center),—the valleys were, if possible, still more beautiful than the southern, the hospitable welcome and dinner one day at the neat and rich country home of some of Mr. Jones' friends was something to be remembered, and every day brought its delicious surprises and novel experiences.

Perhaps the most notable among the latter was the camp meeting not far from Rockbridge in the valley of the Pine River. There in a cool and breezy grove were gathered some three hundred or more of the Free Methodists who are plentiful in those regions. We attended the morning meeting in the large tent, and Mr. Jones pronounced it the most memorable and genuine of all the many camp meetings he had visited. The morning theme was Consecration, and well it was illustrated in the forty speeches made during the hour of our stay. "My gracious, how hard it is to try to carry the world and Jesus at the same time !" said one ;—but it was evident that they generally solved the difficulty by dropping the world. One woman told with tears how she had decided to give to the Lord the "dear little horse" which she loved and which loved her ; and another told the long struggle she had undergone with her love of dress, before she was will ing to leave off all the trimmings. However one differed from these people, he could but admire the sincerity which not only brought these sacrifices, but took away all timidity and youthful bashfulness, and made these rude farmers and their sons and daughters speak with a fluency and ease and eloquence which culture seldom attains. There was indeed much shouting and some groaning, the speakers sang and were carried by their fervor into wild gesticulations, and one woman in her excitement kept time for the music by rising and jumping up and down to a height that would have done credit to an athlete. But a philosopher would say that these shouts and leaps are only another expression of the same feeling that leads others to sing psalms and say prayers in church, and bow before candles at altars, and are probably just as acceptable to the Creator of the universe. And although "consecration to the Lord" of course meant with them chiefly consecration to their church, it also evidently meant more honest and earnest living. In short we got a new lesson of charity as well as consecration from that camp meeting, and Mr. Jones will probably be moved by it to one of his best sermons of the year. We were only sorry that they were making their religion such a war with nature and with harmless pleasures, and were forgetting the beauty and joy with which their "Lord" was filling the forests about them.

Our last night was spent at the home of A. L. Hatch, the proprietor of the largest fruit farm in Wisconsin. How large it is may be inferred from the fact that though its trees have all been planted by him within less than seventeen years, and are hence small, he had already this single summer before August 25th, gathered from them some six hundred bushels of fine apples. It was quite courageous in him to offer to entertain two such dust-covered and savage-looking vagabonds as our ride that day had made us ; but Mr. Jones' fame had preceded him, and on beginning to explain who he was, he was told that he could spare the trouble, as he was known already. Mr. Hatch, with his wife and daughters, not only hospitably entertained us, but in the morning he showed us through his wide vineyards and or-

(*Continued on page 11.*)

Men and Things.

AMONG the recent gifts to Wellesley College is the Powell Library, a selection of books of reference on the languages and dialects of the American Indians.

A STUDY of the American school system in connection with the systems of other countries will be published by the Cassell Publishing Company under the title of "Teaching in Both Continents." It has been written by E. C. Grarby and will have an introduction by Professor W. T. Harris.

IT is stated that the most Holy governing synod of Russia has issued orders to the effect that students of all religious denominations must attend lessons in the orthodox catechism, and that all industrial establishments must have an orthodox church within a distance of twenty kilometers.

THE New York Board of Education has followed the example of the Boston Board in taking action against diminutive "ie," and has decided that "hereafter no teacher shall receive permission to be excused from her duties unless she signs her application with the exact name that she received at her baptism."

MISS HARRIET HOSMER writes from Rome that the model for her statue of Queen Isabella for the Woman's Pavilion at the World's Fair is completed. The queen is represented in the act of stepping down from her throne and offering her jewels to Columbus. Miss Hosmer expects to return to America early in the autumn.

TWO years ago, Miss Emily Kempin, who had graduated with high honors from the University of Zurich, applied for admission to the New York University. She was not allowed to matriculate lest the doors should be opened to other women. Last winter, the same Miss Kempin, clad in the cap and gown of the Zurich University, instructed a class of women in Gotham's time-honored temple of learning, and also read the Roman law to the male students.

A NEW name has lately appeared in the literary world, though its owner is sixty-six years old,—Maurus Jokai, said to be Hungary's greatest man of letters. His history is rather romantic. He began writing when a mere boy, and some of his stories, falling into the hands of the lawyer in whose office he was studying, were put in the way of publication, and received with marked favor. At twenty-three Jokai married Rose Laborfaloi, a celebrated actress. He was a Revolutionary soldier, and imprisoned and sentenced to be shot ; but his wife by the sale of her jewels bribed the keepers and procured his escape. The two live in Buda-Pesth. Cassell & Co. have lately issued a translation of Jokai's novel, "There is no Devil."

Contributed and Selected.

An Evening Hymn.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KINKEL.

I.

Around me silence reigneth,
The zephyrs e'en have fled,
And in the quiet places
Footsteps of angels tread.
The darkness, fast is spreading
O'er valley and o'er lea,
Faint heart, throw off thy burden,
All that oppresseth thee!

II.

The world now rests in silence,
One hears no strife's refrain;
Dumb are the strains most joyous,
And hushed, the cry of pain.
What if thy share proved roses,
Or thorns were proffered thee;
Faint heart, throw off thy burden,
All that oppresseth thee!

III.

If thou this day hast failed,
O, turn not back thy face,
But list, the spirit whispers
Of mercy, and of grace.
Remember, from the lost sheep
The Shepherd ne'er did flee;
Faint heart, throw off thy burden,
All that oppresseth thee!

IV.

Look up, the heav'nly circle
In majesty is spread,
Each star, on road made even,
By Unseen Hand is led;
So through the night He leads thee,
From care to make thee free;
Faint heart, throw off thy burden,
All that oppresseth thee!

ROSA E. ROEDER.

A Letter from Miss Bartlett.

DEAR UNITY:—Let us go back in this letter to the Fourth of July and the reception given by minister and Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln to some six hundred invited Americans then staying in London. It was pleasant to see even four familiar faces, among others, that of Rev. Rush Shippen, of Washington, who is over here for his summer's outing. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln gave their American guests hospital greetings and handsome entertainment and their beautiful home comforts, with the dignity of an American representative to this great nation. By the way, America gets much praise for the quality of the men who have for some years past filled this important and conspicuous office. It would be a pity, indeed, to send men here who should misrepresent us; for, until the Briton travels more in our country, his ideas of American manhood and womanhood will be colored much by the specimens we send here. (One person who greatly admires Mr. Lincoln was heard to remark that he did not in the least resemble the traditional uncouth "Brother Jonathan," but looked, instead, extremely like the Prince of Wales.)

The end of the Fourth of July brought me to Richmond on the eve of an almost patriotic act, that of preaching the following day in Channing Hall for an American, Rev. Silas Farrington. It was indeed pleasant to find the monthly calendar of this church a statement of "The things most commonly believed among us," which is the same as that dear to so many of UNITY readers, and to note the interest and the independence of the people here attached to the cause. Even the almost matchless beauties of Richmond do not so interest one, as do the possibilities of a new ethical and spiritual movement. Hence, Channing Hall, unpretending though it is, stands in the foreground and high light of memory's picture of that most beautiful region. May it enlarge its borders and its usefulness.

The following Sunday brought me into another pulpit largely identical with Mr. Farrington's—that of the Upper Brooke Street Free Church, Manchester, of which he was pastor for many years, and which remembers the services of both Mr. and Mrs. Farrington with much gratitude. The present pastor is the Rev. John Trevor, a young man very much imbued with the aim of having a church of, by, and for the working people and their friends, and with a plan of his own for bringing this about. Foreseeing certain difficulties and complications, he has the courage of his convictions sufficient to face them, and to pursue his plan, with the "defects of its qualities." That evening I had the pleasure of preaching in the beautiful Monton Church, of which the Rev. Philip Higginson, a nephew of Dr. Martineau, is pastor, the church in which, a few weeks previously, the Provincial Assembly was held. Afterwards I enjoyed a few restful days with kind and hospitable friends in their charming neighborhood. One of the not-to-be-forgotten delights was the attendance upon a ministerial dinner at the home of the Rev. H. Enfield Dowson, of Hyde, near Manchester. These ministers, twelve in number, have their monthly dinners at each other's houses, and are styled "the twelve apostles" by the younger ministers who have their own circle, and who are in return, dubbed the "minor prophets." Most genial meetings these of "the apostles," where nothing more serious than lawn tennis is allowed; which seemed sufficiently serious, after I learned that most of these ministers had come to the dinner from a five hours' committee meeting in Manchester. The conversation, as often happens, turned upon the differences between English and American ways. Being asked to mention what I missed here that I had in my own country, I was able to answer without reflection, "Rocking-chairs and pie." The former was instantly produced, and the latter guaranteed—if I would give the recipe!

Our stay near Manchester afforded an opportunity to visit some of the great factories and mines of this busiest part of all England. It was interesting to see our American cotton spun and woven into prints, sails and hammocks. It would be more interesting, if one could forget the stunted forms and rounded shoulders that have become characteristic of the "factory class" in England. This is the penalty that England pays for generations of injustice to her working people: the physical and mental deterioration of a great mass of her inhabitants, and countless workhouses and poor-schools where vast numbers of incapables from the factory class are added to the numbers recruited from the usual sources of pauperism. I visited the great workhouse at Crumstall, Manchester. The master, Major Ballentyne, showed us over the institution, which seemed to me as well managed, with as much care for the personality of each of the 2,600 inmates, as such a place could possibly be. Yet, as I stood in the mortuary, in the midst of twelve stiff forms whitely swathed in their winding sheets, it seemed to me these were happily out of a world that had no place for them, that so little knew its responsibility and so blithely held its way over these poor, stunted, starved ones that wearied and died unknowing, perhaps, what a world human justice and brotherhood could have made for them. Yet strong drink has worked its full share of evil upon the people who are here; and indeed, I have failed to see any class of people among whom "temperance" has been conserved by the much-praised plan of "moderate drinking."

From Manchester I went out to Wigan, which has the reputation of being the ugliest town in England, and is the original of "Rigan" in Mrs. Burnett's "That Lass o' Lowrie's." Better times have come to the English women-miners since the times pictured in that touching tale. Looking at the tall, muscular young Amazons that in their man-like dress sort coal and wheel the cars away from the mouth of the mine, I thought I would vastly prefer being "a pit-brow girl," doing the work of a factory girl, and I talked with several of the women miners who were of that opinion. They like the outdoor life and the freedom but they do not like the dress which necessity compels them to wear, and there is a touching feint of womanliness in the little skirt folded back above the knees, which is n't a real skirt and can not be let down. But I am told by the Rev. Mr. Stead, the earnest Unitarian pastor of a church largely composed of miners, that you would never recognize these dark Amazons in the pretty girls in pretty clothes that walk demurely to church on Sunday. The first mine we visited is superintended by Mr. Gorton, one of Mr. Stead's best supporters. After going down the shaft we walked perhaps half a mile through a narrow passage five feet high, and I felt a miracle had happened when we three got through and back with our heads still on our shoulders. The mine was pitch dark, except for the little lamps we held before our feet, and which served mainly "to make the darkness visible." The English being slow to adopt innovations, have not yet begun to light their mines with electricity. After seeing the approaches to their work, and the miners in these dark and dismal corners where often they must crawl upon their hands and knees, I felt that £5 a ton would not be an extravagant price to pay for coal, if the miner got his share!

The obliging superintendent of the last mine we visited sent us to Wigan in his carriage, and on the way I stopped at Goose Green, and made a visit I had long looked forward to—a visit to a postoffice mission correspondent of some years' standing. Here I found a tiny, neat shop, attended by a neat little woman, with several children to help and to hinder her in her shop-keeping duties. Presently appeared my correspondent, the husband and father of the family, who had some years before had both legs crushed while working in a mine, and whose pale, lined face gives evidence of the suffering he yet endures. He is able to get about on crutches a part of the time, but seeks solace for painful and helpless hours, in reading. Some four years ago I received a letter from him, asking for UNITY ("perhaps I knew of the paper," he said!) and did I know of any kind person who would send their old numbers to him? And when I saw him, he said: "I have enjoyed that paper the most of any I ever had." (Are n't you glad, UNITY, that your mission extends even into the mining villages of Lancashire?)

From Manchester our way lay through the lovely English Lake district, then through Burnsland to Glasgow; and from there by Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine and "The Trossachs," where one is joyful if one knows "The Lady of the Lake" by heart. We reached Edinburgh, that most picturesque and fascinating of cities, Saturday evening, and had the pleasure, Sunday morning, of hearing an excellent sermon from the Unitarian, Dr. Drummond, and of spending the afternoon at his home.

And now I am far in the Highlands, where the heather clothes the bare hills, and the bluebells cluster along the hedges. And there are "fox-glove and night-shade side by side," and fields of grain dashed with the crimson of the poppy. It has rained nearly all day, but I have scarcely been conscious of it, for I have had a long afternoon and evening with Dr. Martineau and his three daughters. As we drove from the station five miles to their lovely summer home, I commented upon the beauty of the scene, the distant blue mountains, with here and there a patch of snow; the nearer heather-clad hills and the wooded and flowery vale through which we rode. To this Dr. Martineau assented; but added that the beauty was becoming known to the world; the region was becoming fashionable, and summer tourists were flocking hither, so that he felt to join in the plaint, I think, of Jeremiah. "There is no place where a man may stand alone on the earth." After dinner we all had a pleasant chat in the study from which has issued so much splendid work. Dr. Martineau spoke of many American ministers whom he had been glad to meet at one time and another in England, and I ventured to introduce to him a dozen, whom he had not met—my little gallery of women-preachers, whose pictures I carry everywhere, and which it is my chief delight to exhibit. Although 86 years of age Dr. Martineau is still engaged in literary work, and takes long tramps in the mountains, and is, in fact, blessed with "the youth of old age" to an astonishing degree. I recalled a story I heard of him, that some to him obnoxious measure being recently up for the people's vote, he cast his ballot against it in London, and went, post-haste by the first train, to Scotland, to put in a like protest there. "Nothing more likely," one would say, who saw Dr. Martineau, and was made aware of the earnestness of his convictions upon all great questions. He spoke with especial force about that clause of the international copyright law which secures protection to English authors, provided they will have their printing or stereotyping done in America, and said he would never secure protection by playing false to the English artisan, to which declaration of principle I am sure many Americans would say amen. This visit was an unexpected pleasure which will always be a precious memory. Now as I look out of my window late at night, it seems as if it might not get quite dark until another dawn, and recalling the hours just past, I think—How beautiful is the life that brightens and blesses till it is swallowed up in the blessedness and brightness of an endless day!

CAROLINE J. BARTLETT.

(*Continued from page 10.*)

chards bending under their beautiful fruit, and discoursed on the mysteries of seedlings and grafting and the insidious fungi that spot and spoil apples more widely than hail. The owner of the fruit farm was himself more original and full of surprise than any of his seedlings, and so entertaining that we offered to visit him again another year, and were told that he could stand it if we could.

We then spent another delightful day's ride, passed the old home whence Mr. Jones enlisted for the war just twenty-nine years before that week, crossed the river by ferry and half a dozen branches of it by fording, wound through a swamp in a long labyrinthine course, and galloped homeward over the hills, until again greeted by the casts looking out from Sidney H. Morse's unique studio in a deserted barn by the riverside, and by the cottage and tents above it on Tower Hill.

This is but the outline of our journey. For its more interesting details and their religious significance, look to Mr. Jones' sermons for the next few months. For such a ride is not without religious meaning. The word "canter" is only an abbreviation of the "Canterbury gallop," which was traditionally supposed to have been the pace of the pilgrims to that sacred see; and we advise every minister in doubt how to spend his next vacation, to borrow a bronco and make his Canterbury pilgrimage as we did.

H. M. S.

Church Door Pulpit.

Life of the Bible.

Three Stages: Literature, Revelation, Literature Again.

By Rev. W. C. Gannett.

II.

THE BIBLE'S RETURN INTO LITERATURE. "HISTORIC CRITICISM."

Time fails, of course, to trace the Bible's gradual return from "Holy Scripture" again by the people's highway of common sense and the scholars' byways of historic criticism. But we may glance a moment at the road, and then ask, What is the result of the return? In other words, What is the Bible as viewed after the return, —the Bible as the twentieth century will more and more regard it? The return has been going on these last two hundred years, but most of it falls within our nineteenth century. It is by no means over yet. In truth, for the majority in Christian churches, it is but now beginning.

The scholar's new investigating tool,—to change the figure,—called "Historic Criticism," has been applied within the hundred years to all old histories and literatures with marvelous results. To-day, by the use of this tool, we know more of Greek history in its firm outline than did Plato, the learned Greek; more of Roman history than did Cicero, the learned Roman; more of the old Hindu religions than the native devotees; more of Hebrew history and religion than did the men who collected the Old Testament books three hundred years before Christ. What has been discovered with its aid may be roughly compared to the knowledge of the earth's history gained by the geologists, and also gained within this century. The word "strata" belongs almost as exactly to ancient literature as to the ancient rocks. In all old Bibles there is found not only layer under layer of mental deposit, but the transformations of the records preserved in these deposits are much like the physical transformations to which the rock-records of the earth have been subjected. There is upheaval, derangement, confusion, and blending of unrelated parts, "metamorphosis," as it is called,—more of all this, if possible, in literature than in geology. This being true, the results of investigation in the two directions have been much alike. By geology we are learning how the earth came into being, and how to marshal in true order its procession of animal life; in the other case, we are learning how the literature came into being, how to marshal in true order the procession of ideas and events, and what is myth and legend, what is but probable, and what is proven fact.

FIVE STRATA IN OUR BIBLE.

To apply this to our Bible, taking Old Testament and New together now, five successive strata are found in it: (1) an age of early fragments, which are only known to us as imbedded like fossils in the later books; (2) an age of prophetic writing (800 to 500 B. C.), which includes most of the Old Testament histories as well as the prophecies; (3) an age of priestly writing (500 to 200 B. C.), to which we owe most of the national law, as well as most of the Psalms; (4) an age of apocalyptic and speculative writing, from 200 B. C. onward, which has left its vision in such books as Daniel, and its wisdom in some of the Apocrypha; and (5) the New Testament age of Gospel and Epistle, half-Jewish and half-Greek (50 to 175 A.D.). The order of the books as printed in our English Bible is most misleading as a guide to dates. The prophets, ranged at the end of the Old Testament, were written in the main before the so-called books of Moses, placed at its beginning; and in the New Testament the chief Epistles antedate the Gospels with which it begins. If one asks, What was probably the first thing written, the lowest thing in all the Bible strata? the answer may be, The Ten Commandments in some simple form; though under these, of course, the earlier traditions lie. And what is the last, the topmost thing, in all the strata? The Second Epistle of Peter, as we have seen already. And the space of time from first to last is 1,500 years.

For many of the details thus summarized in twenty lines, the scholars only claim a strong presumption, not completed proof as yet. But the time has already come when it is possible to print the Bible in something like the true time-order of its parts and authors; and this attempt has actually been made by Episcopalian professors in an Episcopalian theological school. That shows the changing thought. Such rearrangements will do more than many a commentary to cast light on the true nature and meaning of the Bible. "In something like the true time-order of the parts," I say, because this tool, "Historic Criticism," is still a new one in men's hands, and certainly mistakes are made and will be made in using it; and there are many open Bible questions yet to which the masters of the tool give widely different answers. But the best masters, like all true workers of science, are ready to confess their 'prentice hand and to revise opinions in the light of deeper search.

THE CONTENTS OF THE BIBLE.

Now, what are the Bible's contents, as the twentieth century will read it? The twentieth century will say: This Bible is not one book, but a little library of books, a library with various alcoves. It contains the legends in which the Hebrew embodied his science of the beginnings of the world and man. It contains histories. It contains family genealogies. It contains biographies. It contains the nation's code of laws. It contains its rituals of worship. It contains books of sermons or addresses. It contains collections of the national proverbs. It contains much poetry, hymns, battle-songs, love-songs, national odes of sorrow and of jubilee. It contains one or two dramas, two or three novelettes, and what, found elsewhere, we would class with apologues and fables. It contains treatises on doctrine and letters of advice and consolation between friends. That is what lies compressed within these lids and is printed now in the hundred languages and in editions of the many thousands. That is the Hebrew and early Christian literature. One need but call over the books, and you will recognize them falling into these several classes. In Genesis and Exodus, in Joshua, Judges, the Samuels, the Kings, the Chronicles, in Ezra, and in Nehemiah,—in these books we find the traditions and the annals of the little nation. Here, too, the genealogies are kept. In the New Testament the Gospels and Acts supply more books of the same class. For the law books and the rituals of worship, go to Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy. For sermons, harangues, and noble odes, go to Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the twelve minor prophets. The book called Proverbs carries its subject in its name. The book of Psalms, likewise; but only they who read into the Psalms know the wide range of emotion which that hymn-book of the Bible holds, and only they who have read well into the prophets know the glowing songs of joy and heart-breaks of despair they hold. Battle-songs are in the Bible, if battle passion ever was sung by warrior. Love-song is in the Song of Solomon, if ever lover sung that passion forth. The book of Job is a kind of solemn drama, perhaps hiding in its theme the national life of disaster. Ecclesiastes is the man-of-the-world's look at life,—the present but vanity, the past an imbittered memory, the future an unknown; only God is, and life is a hopeless conundrum beneath his reign. Ruth, Esther, Jonah, may well be called historic novellettes; and in the Apocrypha are more, and some of these last rival the "Arabian Nights'" tales for their marvel. The parables of the New Testament belong to the general class of fable. And the Epistles of Paul, Peter, John, and the others, are the Bible letters on the subject of doctrine and right living.

THE AUTHORS OF THE BIBLE.

Hurrying on to another question, Who were the real authors of the Bible? the twentieth century's answer will be short. Of most of the writings no one ever knew the authors, no one ever will. The Bible is very largely anonymous; but, more than this, it is also very largely pseudonymous,—that is, falsely or mistakenly authored. Many of the books are fathered on men who had no more to do with writing them than you or I. It is one of the most certain discoveries of historic criticism that misstated authorship is a fundamental characteristic of both Old and New Testaments. Until we recognize this fact, we walk in Bible paths not without guide-boards, but, far more dangerous, with wrong guide-boards at almost every turn. Not that this characteristic is confined to Hebrew literature: it belongs to the world's Bibles as a class—nor confined to the world's Bibles: it belongs to all ancient literatures. Even a little pious fraud at the beginning was probably not necessary: the general inexactness and credulity, the quick reliance on tradition and the authority of a great name, amply account for what to us, in days of printing-press and copyright and criticism, seems so flagrantly dishonest. For instance, we have seen already how, by a fiction probably nine-tenths unconscious, the entire law-making activity of several centuries was concentrated and thrown back upon the name of the great Moses, who stood at the head of the nation's lawgivers, 1,300 years B. C. In the so-called books of Moses, at least three layers of authorship can be detected, respectively dating, it is thought, about 750, 620, and 450 B.C. In the same way, a large part of the psalmody of centuries was concentrated and thrown back upon the name of the great King David, who stood at the head of the national bards in the dim past. Scholars recognize the seams that show the Book of Psalms to be five hymn-books joined together. Again, the shrewd proverbs of several generations—for the book of Proverbs, also, is a set of pamphlets stitched together — were concentrated and thrown back upon the name of the wise old King Solomon. Moses, David, Solomon,—no other names so great as these three, none carrying such authority respectively in law, in song, in maxim, so each became the representative and trustee of a whole department of the nation's literature. In the New Testament, in just the same way, all tended back for reputed authorship to some apostle or close companion of apostles,—to Matthew, John, James, Peter, Mark, Luke, Paul. These are the great examples of the false guide-boards; but the rest of the Bible shows the same law of pseudonymy. The book of Daniel, attributed to a hero of the Babylonish captivity, was really written by a patriot in the war of independence, three hundred years later, but it served its purpose of encouragement and rally three hundred times as well for being thought the word of the old martyr. In our book called Isaiah, most critics plainly recognize two great prophets parted from each other by two hundred years. The book called Zachariah seems to be an actual trinity of prophets, whose three persons are also strewn along two centuries. "Who says such things as these?" Among others, orthodox critics like Dr. Briggs are frankly saying many of them, "How do we know such things?" By little time-marks, such as a history would contain that, for example, blended in our narrative stories of our revolution of 1776, of the war of 1812, and of our last great war in 1861. The names and the allusions scattered through the text would of course betray the error.

VALUES OF THE BIBLE AS SCIENCE, HISTORY, MORALITY, THEOLOGY.

One question more about the Bible when it has returned to literature. What value has it as science, history, morality, theology? Whole libraries have been written to answer this question for the Bible as a revelation. But, when we approach its books frankly and freely as literature, the need of the big libraries mostly vanishes.

As to the scientific value, others may have to strain their minds, not they to whom it all is literature, to make Genesis tally with geology, the Eden story with archæology, the Babel story with philology, the story of the one-windowed ark with what we know of beasts and birds, or the story of that other voyage, when Jonah was the cabin passenger, with what we know of fish. The stories of Jesus' birth and resurrection, of the water turned to wine at his look, of the loaves multiplied into a feast at his word, need short comment for those who keep their faith in physiology and chemistry and the correlation of forces. We simply say these stories, one and all, are natural products of the human mind in the ages when they rose; that similar stories abound in many sacred literatures. Found beyond the Bible covers, we do not try to believe them or to reconcile them with our science; and, found between the Bible covers, what difference? None: we need not try to believe or reconcile them there. These legends show what our forefathers believed as fact three thousand or two thousand years ago, show their "science." It would be absurd for us to give up ours and take to theirs, and only less absurd to try to twist their science from its plain sincerity of meaning into harmony with ours, as so many Bible Christians are engaged in doing now.

In the history, others have to explain away, not we, the many discrepancies between Deuteronomy and Leviticus, between Kings and Chronicles, between Matthew's Gospel and John's Gospel. Reading all as literature, we simply say such contradictions are sure to occur in histories written by men generations and centuries apart.

In morals we have not to call David a man after our God's own heart, nor to praise Psalm cxxxvii, or the bad fifth verse of the beautiful twenty-third. We have not to justify God's duplicity to the Egyptians or his cruelty to the Canaanites, as instanced in the "Thus saith the Lord" announced to his chosen people; or the cruelty, ten thousand times refined, of a Creator's creating creatures predetermined to be heirs of endless anguish, —if any part of the Bible does indeed affirm such horror; or the mockery of morals that inheres in the doctrine of a world's vicarious salvation, as it commonly is stated,—if, indeed, that doctrine can be fathered on Paul's mind, familiarized with Jewish notions of animal sacrifice. Reading such things, we simply ask, What proof more palpable can be adduced than

such atrocities and immoralities, to show that the Bible is not a God-spoken revelation, but a human literature? In other religions or other ancient literatures, where wrong is done in the name of Deity, we do not hold our God responsible. No more need we, or should we, when our Bible justifies the deed. Slavery, polygamy, hideous war, assassination, witch-burning, religious persecution, intemperance, woman's oppression, have all again and again been well defended with Bible texts. What more natural than that they can be so defended when the Bible's "Thus saith the Lord" is but the voice of the Hebrew conscience in its various stages of advance?

And, as the Bible returns to literature, we shall be spared one other "act of faith" forced on the believers in its revelation: we shall not have to see the same theology in Moses, in the prophets, in the Gospels, in the Epistles, nor the same Christology in four ideas of the Christ so different as those which the prophets, the first three Gospels, Paul, and the Fourth Gospel, respectively present. They talk of the Bible's unity. It has a unity. It is the unity of growth. The unity which the rose-bush in April, in June, and in October, has, which the child at five, simple, ignorant, impulsive, and the man at fifty, wiser and more self-confident, but still so ignorant and so unfinished, have. How can the Bible's theology be consistent with itself, when it begins with hints of a sun-god worshiped with human sacrifice, and ends with a Father in heaven requiring the self-sacrifice of sin? How can its chronology be consistent with itself, when it begins in the longing for a national hero-king to conquer the oppressor, and mounts, through Paul's conception of a supernatural prime minister of God, to John's conception of a Christ who is to God what a word is to a mind that utters it,—the God-mind manifesting itself?

To sum up these Bible values, then, what value has the Bible as science? None whatever. As history? The value, which other ancient annals have, mingling, as all do, tradition, legend, myth, with fact,—much value when it can be analyzed and verified, little until then. As morality? The Bible consecrates both infamy and the very highest righteousness. As theology? It shows a people's gradual approach to a nobler and nobler thought of God. Can the Bible be the court of last resort, then, in religion, or in anything?

A NATION'S SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY: A STORY OF RELIGIOUS EVOLUTION.

The record of a nation's gradual approach to a nobler morality and a nobler thought of God,—that is what our Bible is. To one who reads the book as literature, it is the spiritual autobiography of that people which may be called the religious nation of the ancient world in the same sense—certainly, in no other sense—in which Greece stands for that ancient world's art and science, and Rome for its laws and government;—the spiritual autobiography of such a nation from its childhood to that moment in its maturity when a new religion, sprung from its loins and fulfilling it, was getting ready to take its place, and a larger place than its, in the great world's life.

A nation's spiritual biography recorded by itself. To say the same thing in other words, the Bible is an intensely human book, and, because intensely human, its worth will never die. Because its range is from the low to the highest passions of our nature; because it represents the savage and the Jesus thought of God; because it includes hate as well as love, curses as well as prayer, doubt as well as trust, wails as well as hallelujahs, love-song and battle-song as well as hymns and conscience cries, myth and legend as well as history; because it is the book of the Hebrew home and street and market-place and court as well as of the Hebrew temple, and in all its secularity remains religious,—the nation's God, noble or ignoble, fierce or tender, scarcely ever being out of sight; because it is human in all this variety and range of experience,—in short, because it is a "literature," the Bible will have abiding worth to men when the thought of its "Revelation" worth—great as that worth has been in the past—will call up the smile with which one speaks of Buddha's fossil tooth, the devil's footprint in the rock, or the sacred tripod of the Delphic oracle. Viewed as a nation's fifteen-hundred-years-long literature, it unrolls the most continuous and impressive picture of religious evolution that history probably possesses. It teaches nothing therefore, quite so strongly as the exceeding naturalness and progressiveness of religion. The Bible will by and by be looked on as the typical example and an all-sufficing proof of "natural religion;" and thus, strange as it now may seem to one remembering its past, the Bible returning into literature will become the *cure* of sectarianism, the very *antidote* of bigotry.

"COMFORT OF THE SCRIPTURES."

And, while this new service from the Bible grows, the old service called "Comfort of the Scriptures" will abide. That comfort does not cease because the Scriptures enter literature again. As the autobiography of a religious nation, it is full of the experiences of religious heroes,—full, therefore, of passages of courage and support for us, full of lofty verses on which we can go up as on the hills and look off on broad prospects of God. There are other such hilltops besides those of Hebrew thought, and the same kind of inspiration belongs to all. In fact, every thoughtful man makes his own real Bible, his own canon of best words read in any books or heard from living lips. But here in our Bible we have a vast number of such best words gathered for us, born from a thousand moods, and therefore fitted to a thousand needs.

Are we stricken with shame for wrong deeds done? The psalm-writers know all about that, and have uttered heart-cries that teach our lips to pray. Are we jubilant and flooded with the glad child-sense of the freshening God? The psalmists, too, have shouted and sung and praised God for us. Do we see great wrongs in society? The frowning prophets rise before us; and in the reproaches hurled at God-defying Hebrews, in the vengeance promised for oppressors and the peace promised for return to righteousness, we find just what we were feeling put for us in their stunning sentences and their song-bursts of joy. Cromwell's stern troopers found in those prophets their spirit's food and drink; and, when Garrison wanted a motto for his *Liberator*, one waited in their words,—"We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are at agreement" Do we want quick conscience-touches? We can go to no surer place to get them than to the stories and counsels of Jesus. Ten to one, if we read deeply, in any five minutes we shall turn away saddened, like that young man who lacked the one thing yet,—sad to recognize what we must sacrifice in order to attain the purity we yearn for. Do we want lessons of persistence in seeming fruitless consecration? Go with Jesus to the wilderness; go with him to the mount of transfiguration, where first he clearly saw death shining in the distance; go with him to Gethsemane's dark garden, and then to the last hill that he climbed to "finish the work God had given him to do." Do we want to kindle our moral enthusiasm by the sight of what one man, a poor, weak, thorn-pricked man, could do, when filled with a purpose to do his all for God,—then there is Paul. I know not where you will find his like to give you inspiration,—a being mixed of fire and love and wings. Do you want to rise into the thin air of spiritual thought, to heights where one feels lonely with the sense of vastness and of silence? Then go up to the still table-land that John's Gospel offers us. And, besides these well-known Bible heights to which we can go for "comfort of the Scriptures," according to the kind of comfort wanted, there are a thousand solitary verses, bits of beauty by the roadside as we read along. Or, rather, these single verses, so impearled by human reverence, are like little portable shrines which we carry in memory to help us worship in quick moments on the street and at our work. And not seldom this thing happens at the little shrines,—that, in conning some familiar verse for the hundredth time perhaps, it suddenly fills with wondrous light, and we see a beauty and a power of meaning of which we never dreamed before. Into white hair men have found fresh gospels hiding in the old.

Robert Collyer, thinking of the way in which every man goes to the Bible, and finds there what he wants, says that it is like a pasture; the cow goes there and gets the grass she likes, the sheep goes there and finds her liking, and then the donkey comes and eats the thistles, thankful as the others. But, thinking of the many precious verses scattered through the Bible and lighting unexpected places, I would rather compare the book to that Valley of Diamonds told of in the "Arabian Nights,"—so bestrewn with gems that at almost any point you have but to get down into it to bring back flashing crystals.

"INSPIRATION."

Only it does need some gift of recognition. What is the secret of the influence noble words exert upon us? They have authority, compelling to our minds; and why? Because of the truth in them. Truth inspired? Truth revealed? No, if the asker means his question in a sense which confines those words, "inspired," "revealed," uniquely to our Bible. Yes, in the sense which claims all spoken truth and beauty as the word of God in man. This is certain; words, from whatsoever holiness of lip they fall, do not give authority to any truth,—it is truth which confers on them all the authority they carry and gives the holiness to lips. It is we who grant all certificates of inspiration by recognizing, through our own sense of divineness, the divinity in Scriptures or in man. It takes inspiration to perceive inspiration. And what a book or master does is not to reveal the truth to us, but to awaken the sense in us which enables us to see the truth ourselves.

IS THE BIBLE LOST OR FOUND BY ITS RETURN TO LITERATURE

Here ends our story. Three stages in a Bible's life, I said. In the first, it slowly comes into being as a nation's literature; in the second, it is exalted into a "Revelation," and rules long generations as a "Word of God"; in the third, it passes back into literature again, now becoming, with its fellow-Bibles, a part of the broad world's literature.

Shall we say that, on the whole, the twentieth century will lose or find the Bible? I believe that young Luther's experience predicts what Christendom's will be. Luther, the reformer, was twenty years old before he saw a Bible. He had known it it only through the scraps and readings used in the services of the Catholic Church. But one day, when a college lad at Erfurt, he discovered it complete upon the library shelves, and the corner-stone of Protestantism was then and there dislodged from it quarry. Even so many of us know the Bible through the versions into which our educated reverence translates it to us. But when, putting all these aside, we come to it afresh as literature with reborn eyes, then for the first time we may be said to discover the Bible, so much new power of truth and beauty does it gain. As revelation, it has been symbol of a large measure of God's grace to man. As literature, it is becoming evidence and illustration of an older, larger, more constant measure of that grace; for we are realizing that "the two things from which the Bible sprang are forever in the world,—the conscience of man and the spirit of God."—*The Post-Express, Rochester, N. Y.*

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The Lily of the Valley. By Honore de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price $1.50.

This is another of Miss Katharine Prescott Womeley's translations from the master of French fiction, and the seventeenth volume in the series issued by the firm whose imprint appears on the title page. A note of dedication by the author to his friend, M. Nacquart, is of interest as showing his own estimate of the work, which he speaks of as "one of the most carefully hewn stones in the second course of the foundation of a literary edifice which I have slowly and laboriously constructed."

We have read works of Balzac we extracted more of meat and honey both from, than this one, though the author of "Père Goriot" has written nothing that does not stimulate thought, and enlarge human understanding and sympathy. The plot of the story is what we once thought essentially French, but which is now being imported into all tongues. It deals with an unhappy marriage, and a pure but irregular love that compensates to some extent but punishes to a greater, those indulging in it. The character of the heroine is aptly, if rather tritely described in the title; a woman of pure, elevated and commanding character, about whom all the others in the book, as they should do, circulate as satellites that please, amuse or offend, as the case may be. The character of de Mortsauf is one in which physical and moral degeneracy combine to produce a case of downright insanity, but which can not be treated as such, and retains through life the right to rule, and torment and crucify every other life coming in contact with it. The story is told in the first person by the unhappy lover of the unfortunate Henriette, whose weakness is nowhere more fatally signalized, — with a sardonic humor that yet impresses the reader as just as it is merciless,—than in the confident expectation that the second love, Natalie, after listening to his tale of mingled culpability and woe, would graciously accept the remnants of a heart still devoted to the past. The letter which Natalie addresses him in reply, and which forms the closing chapter of the book, is full of delicious humor, and pungent satire, which one can not but feel is of a most medicinable quality.

Comfortings: A Book of Selections. By Judson Fisher. Chicago. Charles H. Kerr & Co. $1.00.

A little book of Comfort to hold in the hand, to carry in the pocket, to read in the shadowed hour, or in the bright, since shadows always lie in sight or thought. It holds the gleanings of a minister, as he wandered among his books with a heart intent to gather any verse or line that could help a soul bereaved by Death. "Intended for his use alone," the word of preface says, but since his own death friends have asked for them partly for like use, partly as memorial of him. They are conveniently grouped under such titles as Fear of Death, Transition, Release, The Dead Still Live in their Works, Future Life, Trust, Life in This World, At the Grave; and in each group one finds familiar words with many others unfamiliar. But Mr. Fisher did not go far a-field or into very rare fields for these readings. The old passages are usually the best,—possibly because old, best to us, but oftener best and therefore old, we think. Uniformly in such collections the Bible passages show simple, large and quiet, besides the prettinesses of most other verse or prose. Now and then there is a jarring misquotation, which should have been caught on the way to print. It is a good book to own, a good book to lend, and will earn its title, "Comfortings." Our friend's face, with the pain-marks on it that used to make us know him brave, looks out at the beginning, and

at the end are a few pages of his own,—"prayers." Closing all, comes, in part of the edition, a tender little sketch of his life-work by the hand of his fellow-worker, Jenkin Jones. W. C. G.

Periodicals.

THE most timely feature of the September number of the *New England Magazine* is an illustrated article on the late Edward Burgess and his Boats. The writer is A. G. McVey, the yachting editor of the Boston *Herald*, who was for some years an intimate friend of the famous yacht designer and builder. Outline sketches and photogravures of his best-known yachts, the winners of the international races, embellish the article. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells opens the number with an antiquarian study, "The Brass Cannon of Campobello," around which linger memories savoring of feudal days, which William Black has made so familiar in his stories of the Orkneys. E. P. Powell, who is associated with W. O. McDowell in the movement to draw the republics of the world into closer bonds, writes with his usual enthusiasm on "A Pan-Republic Congress." The preparation of the world for democracy is, he thinks, the work of this nineteenth century and a fitting gift of this generation to those to come after. Charles Howard Shinn, of that states, contributes an illustrated paper on "The University of California." It shows the growth of a great institution in spite of the indifference and political opposition of the demagogues and millionaires of the Pacific Coast. Dr. Prosper Bender, in an article on "The French Canadian Peasantry," gives an insight into the conduct of elections in French Canada, which is very entertaining and instructive. Though a French Canadian himself, he does not hesitate to declare that there is almost universal corruption in French Canadian electorates. Caroline Christine Stecker writes on "Philip, Pontiac, and Tecumseh," the prophets and warriors of the Indian race. A gossip on books and novelists by Walter Blackburn Harte, under the title, "In a Corner at Dodsley's," is interesting. Arthur L. Salmon, an English contributor to leading London magazines, contributes a poem, "A Buried City." There are other poems by John Allister Currie, Kate Whiting, and Caroline Thayer. David Buffum, Caroline Sinclair Woodward, and Mary L. Adams contribute short stories. Winfield S. Nevins gives an account of the growth of the North Shore as a summer resort, which is lavishly illustrated. The Editor's Table and Omnibus are of the usual quality.

THE September number of the *Forum* is devoted in the first five articles entirely to educational topics. Rev. Dr. Henry A. Coit discusses "An American Boys' School—What it Should Be." President Jordan of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, California, writes of "Ideals of the New American University." Prof. Tyler of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology puts in a claim for his special province. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, lately president of Wellesley, speaks for the "Higher Education of Women"; and Miss Charlotte W. Porter, Principal of a girls' school, Springfield, Mass., writes of "Physical Hindrances to Teaching Girls," discussing especially the serious difficulties that the education of the daughters of the rich presents to the instructor. This series of essays is able, brilliant, and full of matter for earnest thought. The remaining articles cover the usual variety of topics: "The Farmer's Isolation and the Remedy," by John W. Bookwalter, who discusses co-operation, the advantages of farm villages and the life of the farmer's family; "The Growth and Triumph of Wagnerism," Henry T. Finck; George Haven Putnam writes of "Authors' Complaints and Publishers Profits"; Edward Atkinson of "The Government of the United States in Account with the Taxpayer"; in "The Political Issue of 1892," the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge asks why free silver, and not the tariff, will be the main issue; "The Recent Growth of Industrial Capitalization," by J. Selwin Tait; "The Future of the Electric Railway," by Frank. J. Sprague, who shows how the electric motor is solving the problem of city rapid transit, and will solve the problem of long-distance travel also; "Accident and Accident Insurance," James R. Pitcher, secretary of the Mutual Accident Association presenting some curious facts regarding accidents, and an historical sketch of accident insurance closes the number.

THE many readers of Mr. E. P. Powell will be glad to learn that a second edition of the volume of essays, entitled "Liberty and Life," has been issued by the publishers, Charles H. Kerr & Co. Mr. Powell is gaining the ear of the public rapidly, as in facility of work. His style is at once terse and solid, as the matter with which he deals, the living questions of the day, moral, religious and political, deserves.

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Notes from the Field.

Clarion, Ia.—Rev. Thos. P. Byrnes has the honor of preaching the first Unitarian sermon in Clarion, writes a friend, formerly connected with the organization of the liberal movement in Wichita, Kan. He has set the thought in motion here and at Belmond. A liberal church is needed in both places, and if a good organizer could come here in the near future two new societies could easily be formed. His subject in the evening, "Natural Religion," was well received, and will give our citizens food for new thought for some time. Mr. Byrnes began his regular work the first Sunday in September at Humboldt.

Decorah.—This evening, August 30, in accordance with the vote of Unity church congregation, I ordain Ulysses Grant Baker Pierce to the ministry of religion and welcome him to the fellowship of liberal churches of our denomination, and to all others who may be able to receive his services as a minister of the Gospel of truth, righteousness and love, I commend our brother and his estimable wife, (who is his fellow student), to the fellowship of all our ministers congregations, as worthy of their fraternal greeting.

S. S. HUNTING.

—Ulysses Grant Baker Pierce, the candidate for ordination to the ministry of our churches according to Congregational usage, was born in Providence, R. I., and educated in the teaching of the Baptist church. After his academical studies, he spent three years in the Baptist theological school at Newton, Mass. He next spent one year at the Free Baptist theological school in Hillsdale, Mich., from which he graduated, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. He next spent one year at the Harvard University theological school as a post-graduate. He therefore comes among us, thoroughly equipped with the most recent knowledge of the teaching and the work of the ministry of our liberal churches.

Boston.—Rev. Phillips Brooks, the Episcopal Bishop-elect, will preach to the Harvard students the coming winter, probably the last season he will be able to assume there a course of sermons.

—Rev. M. J. Savage, will not return east from California till after the dedication of Rev. C. W. Wendte's new church in September. He will preach the first sermon in that church. On his way home he may make a short stay in the west.

—The wife of Rev. Chas. G. Ames is doing good work investigating by state authority the condition of laborers in the large factories in Massachusetts.

—The A. U. A. Rooms are assuming their winter bustle and business appearance. The Sunday-school society will in September again send out its child's paper and will follow with a few manuals and holiday exercises.

—The attendance of eastern church members at the coming Saratoga National conference promises to be large.

FOR THE TOILET

There is no more useful or elegant article than Ayer's Hair Vigor—the most popular and economical hair-dressing in the market. It causes the hair to grow abundantly and retain the beauty and texture of youth; prevents baldness, heals troublesome humors of the scalp and keeps it clean, cool, and healthy. Both ladies and gentlemen everywhere prefer Ayer's Hair Vigor to any other dressing for the hair. Mrs. Lydia O. E. Pitts-Moody, writes: "I Ask For Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time, and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and falling hair, so that I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor, my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor to any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair."

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Thurs.—The slave of work becomes an inharmonious element in his own home circle.

Fri.—A true man is just as much a man when his coat is off as when it is on.

Sat.—When work enslaves a group of faculties to the neglect of all others, then does it surpass and abuse its office.

—*J. G. Holland.*

A Pearl in a Ring.

A pearl set in a ring of gold ;
Purity, showing us trouble well borne;
Set in a circlet beaten out
By a firm hand, patient and labor-worn.
Like a life, from within and without
Lived so well, that its beauty is told.

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

The Angora Goat as a Judge of Soap.

The traditional reputation of the goat as a devourer of oyster cans, etc., is somewhat damaged by the following true story, given us from the experiences of a clergyman in Texas. It should be added that the subject of the story was a pet Angora goat ; one of those beautiful fleecy creatures, natives of Asia Minor, that have of late years been extensively raised in Cape Colony, and to some extent in the United States.

We had taken, says our informant, a tender, motherless kid to the cabin on our Texas ranch to bring up by hand and it had thriven wonderfully under the mothering care of the presiding genius of our home.

One day in the autumn, as a party of us was sitting in the shade of a live-oak tree watching the merry gambols of this happy creature, one of the company called our attention to the dainty manner in which "Flossy," selected only the cleanest and soundest acorns.

"Yes ;" responded the lady who usually gave it food, "and it will not even eat corn from my hands when there is any lingering trace upon them of our horrid Texas soap."

This remark led to a test of Flossy with different kinds of the toilet article, of which our ladies were found to possess quite a variety. There was Pear's soap, Ivory soap, brown Windsor, etc., etc., the donations of Northern friends possessed of a missionary spirit in the gospel of cleanliness, probably awakened by the letters of our ladies.

All of these differently compounded and differently perfumed articles were produced, and the test began. The lady who usually fed the pet performed the experiment. He hands were washed with one kind of soap at a time, carefully dried, and then filled with Flossy's favorite corn. This operation was performed with each kind of soap until the list was exhausted. The pet refused the corn in all but one case. After the hands had been washed in —— soap, Flossy ate the corn eagerly.

Which variety stood the test? That is the unanswered question. This is not an advertisement, but the statement of a fact. We are only showing the delicacy of the goat's taste. It may be sufficient to add that the ladies all agreed with Flossy and that her judgment was in favor of the most delicate perfume.

IT is quite certain that to a hint from an insect was due the invention of a machine instrumental in accomplishing one of the most stupendous works of modern time—the excavation of the Thames tunnel. Mark Isambard Brunel, the great engineer, was standing one day about three-quarters of a century ago, in a shipyard, watching the movements of an animal known as the *Teredo Navales* —in English, the naval wood-worm—when a brilliant thought suddenly occurred to him. He saw that this creature bored its way into the piece of wood upon which it was operating by means of a very extraordinary mechanical apparatus.

Looking at the animal attentively through a microscope, he found that it was covered in front with a pair of valvular shells ; that with its foot as a purchase, it communicated a rotary motion and a forward impulse to the valve which, acting upon the wood like a gimlet, penetrated its substance; and that as the particles of wood were loosened, they passed through a fissure in the foot, and thence through the body of the borer to its mouth, where they were expelled. "Here," said Brunel, to himself, "is the sort of thing I want. Can I reproduce it in an artifical form?" He forthwith set to work, and the final result of his labors, after many failures, was the famous boring shield with which the Thames tunnel was excavated. This story was told by Brunel himself, and there is no reason to doubt its truth.—*Inventive Age.*

A QUAKER gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complaining of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl, as light as a cobweb, she exclaimed : "What shall I do to get warm?" "I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless thee puts on another breastpin."

A SMALL boy of four summers was riding on a rocking-horse with a companion. He was seated rather uncomfortably on the horse's neck. After a reflective pause, he said : "I think if one of us gets off I could ride much better."—*San Francisco Call.*

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LESSON I.—THE RELIGION OF EGYPT.

REFERENCES for Religion of Egypt : *Religion of Ancient Egypt*, Hibbert Lectures. —P. LePage Renouf. *Comparative History of the Egyptian and Mesopotamian Religions.*—C. P. Tiele. *A Thousand Miles up the Nile.*—Amelia B. Edwards.

LESSON I.

1. Describe the land, the climate, and the people of the Nile.

The age and rank of Egyptian civilization.

What monuments, temples, or relics still exist?

Fix the dates, as nearly as possible, of a few memorable events in the history. The sites of Memphis, Thebes, the Pyramids, etc.

EGYPTIAN RELIGION.

NOTES.—"The bed of a dry sea lies in the burning sun, without vegetation."—*Duncker.* Yet the Nile flowing through a rock-fissure, 750 miles long, cools and fertilizes it. Profitable agriculture, founding great civilization, begins on treeless river deltas which nature prepares for seed-sowing by annual inundations. (See *Bible for Learners*, vol. 1. p. 229.)

Inhabitants, not negroes, but whites, with Semetic characteristics.

Their chronology is reckoned by "dynasties" or reigns, and is difficult to compute. Thirty of them are mentioned by Manetho; the first being the reign of Menes, the founder of Memphis, 4,000 to 5,000 B. C., where a temple was built for the god Phtah. (With the name Menes compare Minos and Manu.)

They seemed to desire "a stone immortality." The Pyramids and Sphinx of Gizeh date from 3,000 to 4,000 B. C., and Pen and Papyrus are doubtless as old. (Lepsius counted sixty-seven pyramids.)

Reference may be made to obelisks brought from Egypt, now standing in New York, London, Paris, etc.

The Shepherd Kings, or Hyksos, came into power 1700 to 2,000 years B. C., and four or five hundred years later we arrive at the reign of Rameses II., or Sesostris, "the greatest figure in the long line of the Pharaohs." We thus come down to the time of Moses to the beginnings of Hebrew history.

Mr. Blake is predominantly a moralist of a true and pure strain, but a poet as well, and his moralizing on life is neither trite nor dry ; it is such as to strengthen a deep and sober confidence in the Eternal Righteousness.—*Literary World.*

The essays of Mr. Blake will surprise and delight all lovers of good English prose. He has made a contribution of lasting value to our literature, in a form so condensed and so original as to inevitably attract and hold the attention of thoughtful readers. . . . Sharpness of vision, too, makes this essayist a helper to the understanding and the sight of slower mortals. He often touches to the quick, and reveals the spring of some of the most puzzling questions by his sure but gentle insight.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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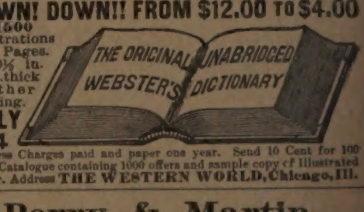

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